

THE EVENING TIMES

FRANK A. MUNSEY

EDITORIAL PAGE

Everyday Stories of the Workings and Workers of the Departments

The trouble with disinterested people is apt to be that they are so often uninterested as well.

Some fire-eaters go about with an air of having put the whole world in their debt on account of the trouble they have refrained from making.

The reports of Minister Wu's speeches at the Clover Club indicate that he was more nearly in clover than some of those who tried to get the better of him.

The disappointment of some of the men who had hoped to be chosen envoys to the coronation is tempered more or less when they think how they would look in court costume.

Since the recent cataclysm in the Census Office many of the clerks who have been complaining of having to work so hard are realizing that as between a hard job and no job, the preference is decidedly to the former.

King Edward was late to the opening of Parliament, and drove out of the palace gates buttoning his glove. Can it be that his Majesty, at the last moment, had to poke his collar button out from under the bureau?

Comment has been created at Palm Beach, Florida, by the fact that Admiral Dewey and Joseph Jefferson sat on a fence one day and talked for half an hour. Washington is so well used to persons of fame and glory that the two gentlemen might have sat on any rail fence they could find in this region and talked all day without its being known.

Pennsylvania and Yale Universities have encountered a curious problem. Both are desirous to play football, but neither will ask the other to play because it would involve loss of dignity. This is something like the condition which might come about if the advice of that Western clergyman were followed, and girls went into the business of proposing marriage.

The Anti-Sentimental Microbe.
One of those anti-sentimentalists who are, by and by, going to make the world a most uncomfortable place to live in, has been attacking the poetry of the old oaken bucket. He explains that that bucket was full of microbes. Of course, that is nothing strange; everything is full of microbes nowadays, and if one wished to be impertinent one might add that the brains of the scientists are not exceptions to the rule.

But he does not stop there. He goes on and describes them, classifies them, tells where they came from and what they do when they get a fair chance. According to him, the human system must have been, in the days of the old oaken bucket, a perfect menagerie of microbes. The inhabitants of the old-time farming village would never have bothered to go to the circus if they could have had a microscope and a magic lantern and studied the miniature live stock on their own farms.

The upshot seems to be that we are a great deal happier in these days—which we are glad to believe—and that the farmer, instead of being the joyous and contented person described in the poems, was really sick most of the time without knowing it. In short, poetry is unscientific, and so is romance; and microbe study is the only way of getting at the truth.

It is doubtless true that unsanitary appliances were used on the old-fashioned farm, and that many of the habits of the farmers were not conducive to health. Some of them, for example, were too much afraid of night air to ventilate their houses. But the anti-microbe enthusiast overlooks one plain fact. The old-time farmer did not try to kill off his microscopic assailants. He exposed himself to all of them impartially and let them fight it out. And by the survival of the fittest he was saved.

Kipling and His Critics.
There is an amusing side to the storm of comment aroused by Mr. Kipling's latest onslaught upon the insular Englishman, and it probably lies chiefly in the fact that many of his critics do not know exactly what they are talking about. While exception might easily be taken to some of the poet's arguments, it is just as well not to stultify one's self for the sake of abusing a man.

The truth is that there are a good many people in this country who are out of sympathy with the general sentiment of this author's work, and the same people eagerly seize every opportunity to criticize the British Empire. Therefore, when one of their pet aversions comes out with what they conceive to be violent abuse of the other of their pet aversions, it is hard for them to tell what to do about it.

For the benefit of all those who, having omitted to read the poem, are eager to find fault with it, it may be stated that the argument is this: Kipling takes the ground that the regiments which have been sent out to the war in South Africa are made up of untrained, undisciplined, and often densely ignorant men, "taken raw from the street," and that their officers are largely of the type which is more devoted to pink teas, polo, and cricket than to drill. This way of doing things he bitterly condemns, and argues that the home-staying Englishman ought to take some interest in soldier-making if he expects the army to defend him; that he ought not to shoo the soldier out of the way and belittle him, and then expect results. As for advocating compulsory military service, in the sense in which it exists on the Continent, he does nothing of the kind. He

merely points out the obvious fact that regiments are not made in a day, and that it is cruel to push raw street-boys, under inexperienced leaders, into a new country to do work which trained and experienced soldiers ought to do. There is no doubt that if the power of England is to be maintained, it must be, at present at least, by keeping her army and navy in the best possible condition; and anybody can see that this is not done when raw regiments have to be sent out to do strong men's work. It is no more than fair that the middle-class Briton, who profits most by the protection of the frontier and the expansion of the empire, should take an interest in the maintenance of that empire; and that is all that the poem really means. Incidentally, the personal nature of some of the criticisms is shown by invective hurled upon Mr. Kipling himself for not enlisting as a soldier. The critics who attack him on this ground overlook the facts that a man who is unable to see more than a very short distance without the aid of spectacles is not accepted as a recruit by any army in the world, and that in serving as a war correspondent ever since the trouble began he has come about as near enlisting as he could with such defect in his way.

Ultra-Americanism.
The "Philadelphia North American" has been getting excited over King Edward's coronation. It goes so far as to say that the American people are opposed to any official participation in the ceremonies incident to that event, and it moreover states that "the very existence of the American Republic is a denial of the right of Edward or any other man to place a crown upon his head and pretend that he is divinely invested with power to rule his fellows."

The motive of this protest is to be respected, for it is no doubt inspired by genuine patriotism, but, really, there seems a need of making the American eagle squawk with quite so much emphasis. It is in truth extremely difficult to say whether the American people are, or are not, opposed to any special thing, because the country is a considerably large one, and likely to contain a variety of opinions on almost any question. There is no doubt that if anybody were to attempt to set King Edward or anybody else up as king over us, the American people would rise up and resent it, but it is just as well to recognize the fact that in England the people do not in the least resent his assumption of power, and that if they did, he would not be king for a day. The English people have a king because they like it; and we have a president because we like it, and that is all that there is about it.

As for losing any sleep because envoys are sent to the coronation, nobody is thinking of doing that. It is purely a matter of courtesy. The coronation is a family affair of the English people, and we are interested in it just as we are interested in the affairs of any of our other neighbors. We may disagree pointedly with the policies of the man who lives across the street, but that does not make it necessary for us to refuse an invitation to his daughter's wedding. England and America are not fighting each other tooth and nail, nor are they hereditary enemies; and there is not the least loss of dignity involved in our taking an interest in the affairs of King Edward.

PERSONAL NOTES ABOUT WASHINGTON PEOPLE.

Mrs. W. B. Wood, widow of Associate Justice Wood, formerly of the Supreme Court, has returned to Washington for the winter and taken apartments at the Cumberland.

Admiral Edwin White, U. S. N., Mrs. White, and Miss White have taken apartments at the Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Allerton Jones, of Quebec, Canada, are visiting the former's aunt, Mrs. Julia Hoskins, of H Street northeast.

Mrs. Stone, wife of Governor William A. Stone, of Pennsylvania, is stopping at the Gordon.

A pleasant evening was spent last Tuesday, when Miss Mae Covey entertained a social club and friends at her home, 428 P Street. After business the members all participated in several new and novel thinking and guessing contests inspired by the hostess. Dancing and refreshments followed.

Dr. and Mrs. Edward Trumbull Ward, of South and Central America, are visiting Mrs. Julia Hastings, of Columbia Heights.

Mrs. Takahira, wife of the Japanese minister, will not receive this afternoon, having to go to New York with her husband, who is invited to the annual dinner of the Presses Club of that city. They will not return probably till the middle of next week.

Mrs. A. T. Hoffheimer, of Norfolk, Va., is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Carl Auerbach, where she will be pleased to see her friends this afternoon.

Miss Bessie King Smith, of Cincinnati, and Miss Elizabeth Plisk, of Covington, Ky., are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Byron Andrews, of 1473 Park Street.

Miss Jessie Marks is home from a year's stay with relatives in the West. She will return to Denver on February 15, and while here will be pleased to see her friends.

Mr. and Mrs. P. V. Delyran have returned to Washington and will be located during the winter at 1230 Vermont Avenue.

A Matter of Course.
(Boston Herald.)
The renomination of Senator Allison of Iowa for a sixth consecutive term attracts about as much attention as the revolving of the earth on its axis. It is something that's taken for granted.

Pretty Actresses of the Day



MISS ISABEL HALL, in "San Toy," at the Columbia.

KANSAS POOLROOM DECISION.

To Take Bets on Foreign Races Not Against Law.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Jan. 18.—Police Judge Brumback, in a written decision, holds that the running of a poolroom where bets were taken on foreign horse races is not in violation of the city ordinance against gambling.

TOO MUCH POKER PLAYING.

University of Wisconsin Students in Danger of Exclusion.

MADISON, Wis., Jan. 18.—As the result of poker playing among the students of the University of Wisconsin the faculty has stepped in and several of the players stand in immediate danger of being suspended. The names of a large number of students, several of whom are athletes, are in the hands of a faculty investigating committee, which is determined to stop gambling in the student quarters.

UNDER THE CAPITOL DOME

sees one, and furthermore he knows how to handle them. The Member from the Sixth Congressional district of the Blue Grass State recently brought from his home a pair of as fine steppers as were ever footed.

Mr. Gooch says automobiles may be all right and come in very handy now and then, but the exhilaration and happy-bracing excitement only comes from being behind a pair of dashing thoroughbreds. Mr. Gooch is a strong advocate of labor organizations, because as he says, it is only by organizing that labor can protect itself. He is preparing a bill which he will introduce shortly preventing the sale of prison-made goods in competition with honest toilers.

Representative Connors of Iowa bears a striking resemblance to Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island and is frequently mistaken for him. He was wandering about the Senate corridors recently when he was approached by Senator Money, who is nearsighted.

"Senator," he said to Connors, "I wish you would take up that bill of mine and get it under way."

"I have not seen your bill," replied Mr. Connors.

"Why, the one I was talking over with you last night," said Senator Money.

"Oh, you're another man, eh? who takes me for Aldrich, are you?" replied Mr. Connors, and both enjoyed the joke.

Representative Norton of Ohio took some constituents to the last Presidential reception at the White House. The constituents asked Dr. Norton to show them a real live Tammany member of Congress. Norton looked about, but could see none of the New York city members. Sighting Representative Wilson and Fitzgerald, both of Brooklyn, he called them over and introduced them as real Tammanys.

"Why, they don't look like gamblers," demurely remarked the prettiest of the Ohio constituency.

When Representative Gaines of Tennessee was making his speech on the pension bill in the house he made an invidious comparison which apparently escaped notice by many of the members. Talking of the impossibility of the American soldiers living in the Philippines, because of the climatic conditions, Mr. Gaines said:

"It makes no difference whether you send athletes or American citizens."

ALONG THE SKIRMISH LINE.

Natural Obstacles.

"But," said the magazine editor, in a worried manner, "we have got to have some photographs to fit that article on skating. It's all ready but the pictures."

"Can't help that," said the kodak editor stubbornly. "I can't import a cold wave and freeze up the river, just to accommodate you."

So they compromised by photographing a roller skating rink, and the pictures were so bad that the public never knew the difference.

Innocuous.

The wary man in the street car changed his weight from one hand to the other. "It is the fulfillment of my fate," said he, plausibly. "When I was an infant a gypsy prophesied that I should die by hanging. That never worried me much, but I didn't really suppose it meant dying by hanging to a street car strap, or it might have made more impression."

A Practical View of It.

"You should always," said the college graduate, instructively, "act on the highest grounds."

"Um," said his father. "You can go up Pitch Hill tomorrow and salt the sheep. It's going to be good and windy, and I don't hanker to walk four miles. Glad to give you the job."

Inadequate Expression.

"Doesn't music express your emotions?" asked the fair young girl earnestly.

"Some of 'em," replied her truthful companion. "But if it were to try to express the way I feel when I'm mad it wouldn't be music—just a bad noise."

Difficult Photography.

"I wonder if they will ever get the x-rays to a point where they can photograph a person's conscience?"

"If they do, some people's consciences will look like a hole."

Not an Expert.

"No," said the blame man, "I don't pay to be good."

"Did you ever try it long enough to see?" asked the other man incredulously.

The Ways of Our Grandfathers.

"What's the difference between being learned and being educated, anyhow?"

"Well, so far as I have been able to see, in old times people were learned because they had learned something; nowadays they're simply educated, and you never know whether they know anything or not."

Light Shinning.

"Is Mr. Softsway a hard student?" asked the girl, with apparent carelessness.

"Not exactly," said her college brother. "He belongs to the cavalry."

"The cavalry?"

"Yes; they get through the lines on poles."

Where His Civilization Ended.

"You Americans," said the Englishman, "are so much the same. The distinctive characteristic of an Englishman is that he never shows feeling in whatever circumstances he may be. A long course of evolution has brought us to that point."

"Yes," said the American, calmly, "and when you get evolved a little further you will become as oysters, and not have any feelings. Do you think that will be an improvement?"

"Sir," exclaimed the other, getting red in the face, and jumping out of his chair, "do you mean to insult me?"

"Oh, no," said the American, sauntering with a straw between his lips. "Only I guess you won't reach the oyster point for awhile yet."

America's Monte Carlo.

Philadelphia Ledger.)
Another man has tried to make a great fortune by getting control of the Chicago grain market, and has failed as his predecessors did. It serves him right, but there is no reason to think that his fate will be a warning to others. Very probably some other speculator is laying plans to "corner the market" even now. The Chicago Exchange is rapidly becoming the Monte Carlo of America.

Heroic Courage.

(Presidents Journal.)
The "Brooklyn Eagle" joins the papers that plead for simpler habits of life, more marriage, larger families, and happy homes, and says that "less literary flub-dub among women" will result in an increase of the number of proposals and acceptances. It does take courage to propose to a member of a woman's literary club.

Some Blue Grass Statistics.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
Let us give Kentucky its due—not its mountain dew, either. Out of its 119 counties 45 are dry, 21 have but one liquor dealer each, and 17 have two such dealers each. This isn't the Kentucky of tradition and the paragraphs, but it will not lose in popular appreciation on that account.

To Make Way for Americans.

(Philadelphia Item.)
There are quite a number of unnaturalized foreigners employed in the departments at Washington and there is talk of legislation to put a stop to it. This seems both just and proper. Those unwilling to become citizens of this country have no right to expect to be retained in its employ.

Platt Stands Pat.

(Pittsburgh Dispatch.)
Gentlemen who have been cultivating booms for the New York Senators, to succeed Platt, are advised from Washington to save themselves trouble. Platt has concluded to stick to the verity of the old adage about politicians.

A Pretty Safe Bet.

(Cincinnati Enquirer.)
A woman has sued Uncle Russell Sage, now eighty-two years old, on what seems to be an old case of blighted affection. We discourage betting on high moral grounds; but if obliged to take a chance our money says she will not get a cent.

National Guard and Naval Reserve.

(Philadelphia Bulletin.)
Both the Guard and the naval reserve should have more help from the Government in the way of modern equipment and training. The Government should appreciate their value should be sanctioned by Congress.

Getting Ready for Another World.

(Milwaukee Sentinel.)
When the gods love a man and want him in a hurry they first make him smoke anywhere from twelve to thirty cigarettes a day.

The visitor to Police Headquarters at night will find Mr. John F. Kelly in charge. Mr. Kelly has served the District long and faithfully, but, owing to the somewhat strange wording of the law relative to those on the retired list of the Police Department, does not hold as high a rank on the force as he did some years ago. He has been a lieutenant for a long time. He is a native of this city, having been born here on November 22, 1821. After leaving school he learned the trade of bricklayer and after a while was made foreman of brickwork on the building which was then known as the Corcoran Artillery building, but which is now the Library of the Department of Justice. When President Lincoln called volunteers he enlisted with other ninety-day men in the District volunteers. He was honorably discharged at the expiration of his term of enlistment and was appointed a private on the new Metropolitan police force and went on duty at the date of its organization. He was promoted sergeant four years afterward he was promoted to the rank of sergeant. A year later he was promoted to sergeant, promoted to a lieutenant by an act of Congress and had charge of a precinct. For two years he had control of the detective corps and was afterward appointed night inspector, before the first to fill that office. He has also acted as captain and as acting superintendent. At the time of the reorganization of the police force and the dismissal of the old auxiliary squad, lieutenant Kelly obtained one of the peculiar batons which had been used by that body. It consisted of a stout oak shaft, some two feet in length, and one inch and a half in diameter, tipped with a spear-shaped copper head about six inches long. This was intended for use as a lever in opening the wooden shutters of windows, then in general use, in case of fire. Its great weight made it a formidable weapon, but it was unsightly. The new lieutenant Kelly presented to the Smithsonian Institution, where it is looked upon as a most valuable souvenir.

One of the nattiest employees in the Government Printing Office is George A. Post. A good many more people know him by the name of "George" than as Mr. Post. While yet wearing knee trousers George became a messenger boy on one of the daily papers and was assigned to carry Dr. John E. Jones' copy from the District Building to the office where the paper he represented. Dr. Jones took a great liking to his new messenger and from the first manifested much interest in his welfare. Before George had reached a man's age, Dr. Jones had obtained for him an excellent position in the G. P. O. The late Harry P. Godwin, who was one of the best known newspaper men of Washington, on one occasion, made a speech at a banquet during which he spoke of "Evolution." The best proof he furnished of the fact that there was such a thing as evolution was that of George Post, who had evolved from a little, retiring messenger boy into a full grown ladies' man.

Mr. George W. Patterson, Jr., has for almost seven years been engineer and custodian of the Police Court Building. His life has been an interesting one. In 1882, at the age of sixteen, he enlisted in Company C, Eleventh Maryland Regiment, as a drummer boy. Three years later he was transferred to the First Maryland Veteran Regiment, where he served until the end of the war. Then he returned to Baltimore and for sixteen years was engineer of a large steam mill. He was then, through the aid of Congressional influence, given charge of an engine in the navy yard. After the war he worked on the Congressional Library. He was then placed in charge of a portion of the steam hoisting machinery, and it was while working on the hoists that the first load of brick and mortar was put on the completion of that structure he was appointed to his present place. He is highly regarded by all the attaches of both courts and ranks as one of the most capable engineers in the District. His son, who is also named George W., has so far followed closely in his father's footsteps. When the war between the United States and Spain broke out he enlisted in the First District of Columbia Volunteers and was among the first to tender his services to the Government as a volunteer. He was sent to the front in the line of the Maine. He served throughout the war with Gen. George Harries and returned from Cuba with him.

Mr. A. L. Gill is what is known as a "critic" in the Pension Office. He has been in the bureau a long time and is regarded as one of the best informed men in the big building in Judiciary Square. Mr. Gill was a soldier in the Civil War, having entered the army from Massachusetts. He served throughout the struggle and was engaged in many battles. He has many friends in the halls of national legislation, but is especially proud of the fact that among the best of these is Senator Henry Cabot Lodge.

Mr. L. J. Clements, of the Government Printing Office, says the present liberal Administration has decided to revert to the recently discontinued but time-honored custom of former years, of excusing with pay the Federal employees of the National Capital on the eve of mid-winter holidays. This action on the part of departmental heads was, it is understood taken at the request of President Roosevelt. Speaking of things that "rankle" Mr. Clements said: "It is related to me that quite recently a very interested observer of the fair sex, was being escorted through the greatest printery in the world by a certain guide, who took great pains to explain the details of the office routine. She listened attentively but with the conscious out-of-place constraint of one doing 'the Chinese quarter' to the statements that were being employed, 3,581 people; that the output of the establishment, though enormous, increased with each session of Congress; that the first volume of Congress reports had just been completed, Director Merriam having thanked the Public Printer for so pushing the work as to surpass all first volume records by three and a half years, etc. The manner and bearing of the fair sex became, he said, gradually relaxed to something approaching naturalness, and when she looked with pleased surprise down the vast room wherein the first and second divisions are employed, with the annex of the third in the far perspective, she became as active as a bee in a great hive of industry, yet in the main so neat in appearance for workmen. Finally she murmured, half-sittingly, 'They look quite contented, though.' 'Why, madam,' said the surprised guide, 'they should. They receive a month's wage while the fund lasts—annually, all the time, and they are paid a half-day before the holidays if they can be spared. They are paid 50 cents for each working hour.' 'Indeed,' came the astounding ejaculation, 'I thought they were convicts.'"

Mr. Harry S. Sutton, the poet-novelist, and generally good all-round man of the Government Printing Office, told The Times man how the late Samuel C. Presley met his last appointment—the one he held at the time of his death. It will be recalled that Presley by some means or other got the idea in his head that the police authorities believed he knew who it was that committed the brutal assault on Mrs. Dennis, the K Street dressmaker, on December 19 last. Presley was employed in the big Government Printing Office years ago, and through too, free criticism of the powers he lost his job.

He was, however, a good fellow, and numbered among his friends not only the members of the Louisiana delegation in Congress, but the Lieutenant Governor of the State. For a time Presley was at a loss to devise a scheme how to get back into the Government Printing Office, which, by the way, is the height of ambition for thousands of compositors. Finally he concluded to forge the name of the Lieutenant Governor to a telegram to Senator Henry Cabot Lodge of Massachusetts, who was on the Committee on Printing, asking for Presley's appointment in the Government Printing Office. Mr. Lodge decided evidently that if the Lieutenant Governor of Louisiana would interest himself in Presley, the latter must be a man of considerable importance, and he telegraphed to the Public Printer, asking that Presley be put to work. The Public Printer complied and Presley got his job back. The secret was not discovered for several years, and did not leak out until after the man's death by suicide a few weeks ago. Speaking of Presley, a man who knew him well said he had two failings—dabbling in stocks and the habit of admitting that there was any question that he was not well informed upon. It was the latter idea, he said, that made him say that he knew who assaulted Mrs. Dennis, when, as a matter of fact, he was entirely ignorant on the subject.

Mr. William McKimlin Cobb, one of the examiners at the Pension Office, is a native of Georgia. He belongs to the famous family of Cobbs of which the distinguished Howell Cobb, at one time Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, was a member. During the latter part of the administration of Hoke Smith Cobb was Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Cobb was his private secretary, succeeding Josh Cohen, of the "Atlanta Journal," who became the successor of Claude Bennett after the latter's health became so much impaired that he was compelled to resign and went West. By his urbanity and generally acceptable manners he became a great favorite with all who were brought into contact with him and when Mr. Smith retired from office Mr. Cobb was transferred to the Pension Office, where he has since remained.

For many years Mr. D. C. Fountain has been a confidential clerk in the classification division of the Postoffice, and upon him to a large extent rests the decision as to what is and what is not matter that Uncle Sam deems so objectionable that he will not carry in the mails. The official record of Mr. Fountain shows that whenever he has decided that a certain publication should not be admitted to the lists and the publisher of the latter has appealed to a higher authority the former has been sustained. Mr. Fountain was a soldier in the Union Army during the civil war, serving in a New York Regiment. He was wounded in the leg and arms without being injured, but was at last given what he terms a "ticket of leave" at one of the battles in Virginia, where he received a bullet wound in the left shoulder which disabled him for a considerable time. He is very active in church work and assisted materially in organizing a Baptist Church in East Washington Heights. He was also instrumental in getting a charter for a railroad which some day will be built, and which is intended to connect East Washington Heights into close connection with the city proper.

One of the busy young men at the Census Office is Mr. Arthur L. Payne, a son of the late Gen. J. Scott Payne. Mr. Payne is quite a young man, but one of great efficiency and merit. He has the happy faculty of making friends wherever he goes and for this reason he is perhaps one of the best liked of the clerks in the agricultural division. He is an unassuming, quiet fellow and very seldom has anything to say, but when he does speak he speaks with the firmness of an army officer. Mr. Payne says that he wants to go to West Point and follow in the footsteps of his father, who was one of the best cavalrymen in Uncle Sam's service.

Mr. Arthur Rittenhouse is employed in the chief clerk's office of the Census Bureau, and a good fellow he is. Mr. Rittenhouse knows perhaps as many people in the Census Office as any other one man. He is constantly being brought in contact with them, it being one of his duties to relieve Mr. McCauley, the chief clerk, of seeing every one of the numerous persons who come in to see him the course of a day. He is not only one of the most popular young men in the office, but he is one of the busiest. He always has his hand in the wheel, and he is constantly harder working trying to keep from doing work that you should than going ahead and doing it.

Captain Harry F. Patterson is "making money" at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. He is one of Uncle Sam's employees who roll out dollar bills by the foot. He is what is commonly known as a "plate printer." He derives his title of "captain" by being the commanding officer of the Morton Cadets, which is the National Guard. While he was yet hardly in the first year of his manhood he enlisted in the District of Columbia Volunteers as a private company, which was known throughout the Spanish-American war as the Morton Cadets. He served with great credit to his country and was promoted to corporal. When he returned to Washington with his comrades, they made him second lieutenant. He had not served a year as third officer in the Mortons before he elected him captain, which was a commendation he has held for very nearly two years. Captain Patterson is an indefatigable worker and as may be judged from his history in the Mortons, a very popular young man.

At his own request Dr. Charles C. Marbury, one of the Board of Police and Fire Surgeons, has been granted leave of absence from February 3 to 6 inclusive. Dr. Vale, it is understood will look after Dr. Marbury's work during his absence from the city.

It is interesting to watch the daily visitors to Uncle Sam's big red brick building in Judiciary Square known as the Pension Office. The expression of wonderment on the faces of tourists is amusing as they come in through the principal entrance and catch a glimpse of the immense court covering over an acre and reaching a hundred feet or more to the roof. When their eyes rest upon the six lofty brick columns ingeniously painted in imitation of porphyry they begin to question the guide. Recently one of these walking encyclopedias had in tow a miscellaneous bundle of sightseers and was explaining the use to which the court was put every four years as the inaugural ballroom. Said he: "Now, ladies and gentlemen, cast your eyes upon these colossal pillars. They are of Spanish marble, with an oval base, quarried in Italy, of one solid piece, and brought over in a specially constructed vessel. Occupying as they do so much space, they seriously interfere with the dancing during the inaugural balls, therefore, they are removed by powerful cranes and stored in the attic for the time being." Here a protracted whist interrupted him so he left his flock away in awe and wonderment to another part of the building.

Col. Martin B. Miller, of the mail division of the Pension Office, who has been in Providence Hospital for two weeks on account of serious injuries, the result of a fall, is reported improving rapidly.